

# VICTOR AS HE IS TO FELLOW WORKER

The only justification a man can have for writing an article from an expert standpoint, is that he knows his subject. I think I know mine. It is a living subject of flesh and blood and one that I have been studying for thirteen years. My subject is Victor Murdock—the next Congressman from this district—I hope.

I doubt if there is an adult person either in Kansas or Oklahoma who does not know him by reputation. A great many only know that he has red hair and is a brilliant and versatile newspaper man. Others only know him as a clever and companionable young gentleman, full of animation and somewhat hostile to dress suits and shams. I take pride in the fact that I know him better than any other living man with the exception of his father and father-in-law.

If I owned the Seventh Congressional district in fee simple, I would be willing to wager every quarter section in it against a dime that if Victor goes to Congress he will make his mark and give his district a national reputation within three years.

Kansas never enjoyed such a reputation as when the illustrious Ingalls represented it in Congress. His unique mentality and prodigious intellectuality offset and balanced everything bad credited to the state. In admiration of his pluck and against Democracy the whole Republican world forgot the grasshopper calamity and in their frothy indignation the whole Democratic world forgot the disasters of the prairie cyclone. How could Kansas be considered bankrupt at any time when it had such wealth of genius in one man? Kansas can return to the enjoyment of the reputation Ingalls made for it if the Seventh district convention which meets this month nominates Victor Murdock. I do not say that Victor can reach the place of Ingalls immediately, but I do know, so far as anything not provable in knowledge, that he will reach it ultimately if given the opportunity. This may seem to be nothing but the ebullience of an over-zealous friend, but I record it as my prophecy and I hope to live to see it fulfilled.

Victor knows more today than Ingalls knew at 22. If Kansas were born again he could write for the new state as good a motto as any that has ever been. To my mind and in my belief he would direct its course to stars as high as Ingalls ever dreamed of.

Why can't the public adopt the policy of the promotion of the man who will be Victor's rival for the Congressional nomination and I am not going to say anything against them. It is nothing against them to say that in mentality, in activity, in availability, in adaptability, in temperament, in the grasp of the great questions an endorsed republic will have to meet and in the general range of information required for a Congressman he stands head and shoulders and chest above any of them, while some could not reach his ankles in general and special qualifications for the position.

Why then, shouldn't the Seventh district nominate him? Is it because he is a tenderfoot and doesn't know the people or their needs? Who among the other candidates has lived here longer? Who among them but he can say that he walked his first steps and tipped his first words in the district? Who stands ahead of him in loyalty to the party that has the making of a Congressman? Who stands ahead of him in the work he has done for the material development of the district? Never was there a time when the people of the district had such an opportunity to find a man who can fit and adorn a vacant place. The very contemplation of the possibility of the losing of such an opportunity makes me mad.

Victor was about 18 when I first knew him. He was "reading" for his role as a baseball game—the freckled boy I thought I ever saw. He was full of that youthful life which has never left him. He was then known over a considerable portion of the state for his popular paraphrasing—better known than Ingalls was at 28. He was not more than 20 when some of the pleasant circumstances of fate made him a newspaper man. He does not know a day has passed since he has been together or otherwise that I have not thought of him and never did a thought come to me of him that was not accompanied by a prophecy of a bright future of some kind for him. After working side by side with him for a few years he went to Chicago to work on the Inter-Ocean as a reporter.

Victor was scarcely two weeks in Chicago when I happened to be there also. I made quiet inquiries about him and heard his city editor say: "That young man has a future." Within a month all Chicago were reading his articles and many prominent men called at the managing editor's room to ask who was writing them. Youth generally is vain but Victor was then as he is now—absolutely ignorant of his genius. He attributed his success to industry. The year he became a writer that great Chicago paper entrusted to him the reporting of the famous campaign in Ohio when McKinley, then a Presidential probability, was fighting for his political life in that state. The importance of Victor's assignment will be more readily understood when it is known that the Inter-Ocean was then the main organ of Mr. McKinley's Presidential aspirations. Victor traveled through that state with McKinley and when one remembers his size—the fact of his being in a state in his new role before, among a people whose habits he did not know and in politics so different from the politics of his native state, the success of his work—success that brought to him the praise and the thanks of one of America's greatest Presidents—must believe with me that there is something more than mere ability in Victor Murdock.

I never saw him shed tears but twice—once when McKinley was assassinated and once when he thought his father was dying. His affection for McKinley was based on the beautiful affection McKinley had for his faithful wife. He visited at the McKinley home at Canton and the late the former President here for his helpmate made an impression on the Kansas youth that he has never forgotten. He has told me of it a hundred times if he has told me once.

Victor has more characteristics and versatility of mind than any man I have ever known. His observation is like lightning. He studies everything that claims

the attention of either his mind or his eye whether it be in mechanism of a clock in his office or the habits of his old birdie cow. And he reaches conclusions and results rapidly. Hearing a good pianist will make him dream for two days. But he does not dream often for good pianists are not very numerous according to his standard. Arthur Hirschman, the great Russian musician, the one and only rival of Paderewski, told me that Victor's conversation with him on musical topics and his technical knowledge of the science of harmony was one of the most pleasant surprises of his American tour. Of books and their contents he can talk. All the books come home. An article now in Paris told me that Victor almost went crazy giving him suggestions as to how a certain picture should be painted. Shakespeare, he thinks, was the greatest poet who ever lived. Carlyle the greatest historian and Lawrence Sterne the cleverest fanciful writer. Of Montaigne he is very fond. I think I could reach a full measure of my pride in being a Kansan if I could see Victor in a Congressional hall and hear him in conversation with the swell newspaper men and statesmen, who think they are something at Washington, on books and kindred subjects.

With all of these things he became acquainted while a boy—mostly before the age of sixteen when he became a hard worker. Since coming into the estate of manhood he has been studying those things necessary to an editorial life. During his campaign with McKinley in Ohio he mastered the tariff problem; in '96 he solved the money question from a Republican standpoint; later the trust and transportation questions became his study. During the war with Spain he applied his mind to what has developed under the name of so-called imperialism and I do not know of any man in the state who has mastered more accurately the results of the Spanish-American war than he did. Irrigation is one of his hobbies and he believes the destiny of western Kansas and western Oklahoma depends upon the utilization of water on the surface of the land. He is passionately fond of studying popular movements and he can probably give you a better and more logical theory of the birth and evolution of the Farmers' Alliance than any man in the state.

He is not a bitter partisan but he is a strict Republican in politics. He begins his politics in the precinct and holds that it is the exact spot at which the pulse of the nation must be felt. He believes that with no local conditions influencing it the true trend of political thought and sentiment can be arrived at by a study of the precinct. He is a hard fighter and a wise tactician in politics and his methods are always along the line of honesty and fairness toward the other side. He thinks it is political capital in the end for one to be fair with the opposition. Of recent years he has developed talent for constructive politics and if he had the disposition he could set plans and make complications which would prove him to be a dangerous rival at the head of a machine, because he is resourceful. As a matter of fact, his tastes are entirely in newspaper work. Writing is his passion.

Victor's most vicious habits are hard work and a pipe. If the world would always give him something to do a bag of tobacco and some books, he would not be dissatisfied. The other habits of modern gentlemen he has not. He has no more idea of the relative value of a blue chip and a white one than the man in the moon. He always works with his coat off. He is about fifteen degrees warmer-blooded than the average man and when summer comes around he is a sight to see in his sanctum. Coat, vest, gaiters, and many times the shirt, come off the sweat of the roots of his hair looks like blood. Of course, with his experience, he can take any place in the shop and when somebody gets sick, he does not hesitate to add the right to the days' toll. Once he said to me that it was his wish, should he happen to die, his tombstone should contain simply this: "Victor Murdock, a hard worker."

I have never known a harder worker nor have I ever known a man who could get work more cheerfully out of others. He has a wonderful influence over employees, and I have never known him to have an enemy in the office but by the telephone. He considers that piece of mechanism the contrivance of an evil spirit. When a man is planning out a nice sentence and has it about copied, the telephone rings and he has to drop the sentence and answer the call. It ruins a little fabric of one's thought. It is a little officer in the Eagle office than in any other newspaper office in America.

I have never known him to discharge a man from the Eagle office but one and he came within an ace of hiring him back again the next day, although his offense was serious. If there had been a woman and tears in the affair he would surely do it. Once, several years ago, during the panic, it became necessary to cut down the office force. Two men had to be discharged. He was up to Victor to do it. They soon entered in the office and by way of preliminary he started a conversation with one of them. He finally asked me another word and said: "I haven't the heart to do it. You frame up some gentle way of informing them of the situation." I came back to the man and for some reason they anticipated my duty and cheerfully helped me out of the unpleasant situation.

The secret of his marvelous influence with his men is this, that he works with them on equal footing. He has never in the slightest degree allowed the privilege he enjoys of being the son of the editor-in-chief and owner of the paper. He has never for a moment thought that he is anything more than an employee, working on a salary like anybody else about the place. He is addressed as "Vic" by everybody, from the "devil" up, and if anybody would call him "Mr. Murdock," a large percentage of force would be liable to drop dead from the shock of the surprise. Some great man has said: "If a man is generally addressed by his first name he is likely to be a good fellow." The statement is very true in the case under consideration.

Victor has multitudinous relations other than those with his men. His relations with the public, as managing editor of the Eagle, necessarily and necessarily claim a large share of his time. He has to deal with the injured citizen, the complaining merchant, the man who wants things kept out of the papers, the woman who wants things in the paper, the man who thought he would just drop in to see

the editor, the person with some hobby to exploit in ink, the politician and the spring poet. He has a ready if not a willing ear for all of them. He hears their claims or complaints and gets along with them because he is candid. If poetry is bad and practically all poetry that comes to a newspaper office is bad, he will say so. He generally applies a balm of some kind to the poet's wounded heart which satisfies him. Women will never learn the logic of a newspaper. They will bring all kinds of clippings to have them reprinted and can't understand why the "Victor's" Company will publish them and the Eagle won't. With them Victor has a fierce time. He will argue with them until one would think they were at the point of exchanging blows and when he has argued enough he generally yields and then the woman goes away doubly happy in the belief that she scored a double victory in getting the piece printed and in what is more to her, getting the best of the argument.

Human sympathy is a wonderful thing. Probably there is no metropolitan paper in America which prints obituaries for everybody, free, but the Eagle. Victor holds that birth and death are the biggest events in the chain of a human career. It is his policy, and he holds to it strictly with a "must," that a bereaved family must have the right to express their sorrows and their hopes through the Eagle. It makes no difference who the people are. The humblest negro woman in town, if her husband dies, can use the columns of the Eagle to tell the public his goodness in life. The sorrows of a negro woman or of any other person in humble life are held by him to be as genuine as the sorrows of those in exalted social station. The "cord of thanks" always gets in and the baby notice is sure to be there.

As a story teller, mostly personal experiences, Victor is at home. He has a wonderful memory of events although it is not as strong as to names and faces, as a good politician ought to have. He can tell a story better than he can write it and he is an unusual trait in a newspaper man of his ability; and it is certainly a compliment to his story-telling powers. I have known him to sit on a stool in the print shop on Sunday morning after the paper had gone to press and entertain fifteen or twenty men for as long as four hours at a sitting. I don't know that I have ever heard him tell a story twice. He is a poet in his family, although he has never written a verse unless he has done it in secret, which he probably did in his youth.

He is considerably inclined to venerate institutions and to cling to custom. Although he has no denominational preference, so far as I know, he is a staunch believer in the influence of religion and will argue to the last ditch with one who opposes it. He would fight to maintain ground-hog day, April Fool's day, the Fourth of July and Christmas. At Christmas time he will forever be a boy, whether he goes to Congress or the President's chair. He usually gets a great many Christmas presents and given more than he can afford, but he has a holy horror of giving or receiving anything that is useful. He would rather get a fifty-cent chrome than a \$30 overcoat.

The late Noble Prentiss, while working for John A. Martin in the Atchison Champion, several years ago took a notion one time to save money and started a bank account. He kept putting money into the bank for nearly a year. One day he ran short of money and it was told for actual truth that he had to ask Governor Martin how to get it out. He was probably fifty years of age at the time and never had written a check. Victor isn't quite that bad. He knows how to put money into a bank and how to draw it out, but he doesn't know any more about how his account stands, so long as it is on the right side of the ledger, than a child of three. A robber could cut him any hour of the day or night between January and October and he would not be able to find more than two bits in his pocket.

Mostly everybody believes that he is a college-bred man. He isn't. All his education was gotten in a ward school in Wichita. He was a scholar at fourteen and before he was twenty of age he was juggling with the English language and constructing paradoxes, epigrams and things. His vocabulary is almost equal to the dictionary. He gets this by inheritance, for probably no editor west of the Mississippi knows more words of the English language than his father.

Victor likes excitement. He is always at the window when a brass band or the fire department is passing. He would rather have seen Mont Pèlee blow its head off than get a certificate of election to the United States Senate. He has a passion to see the forces of nature at work and has said many times that he would like to be in a cyclone if he could live to write it up. He is fond of political excitement, but does not like to be in the central figure in it. The more complicated it is the more he likes it, because he loves to unravel the schemes of men and can see deep into the entanglements of political combinations. It is an intricate machine whose workings he fails to understand. It is the newspaper instinct and not the political instinct that is back of him.

His friendships are peculiar. Late at night one the telephone bell rang and I was called for. I do not know whether Victor had gone to bed or not, but it was very late. Mentioning the name of a certain man to me he said: "If anything should happen to me I want you to always be his friend." The man had done good and he conceived the possibility of sudden death before he could reward him for it. He was so sensible to the instinct of friendship that he would not risk the possibilities of death till next morning to tell me of his wish. He will, in time, forgive anything but death that he never forgives.

He received a letter from a politician in a western Kansas county, frankly stating that he was opposed to him. After Victor read it he said: "All the men were like him. Politics would not be a colossal lie." I believe the most eloquent letter he has written during his campaign was to this man thanking him for his frankness. He felt that he had the man's friendship and honesty first part of the problem of his campaign solved when he received this letter.

Victor was born at Burlington 22 years ago when that town was in what is now the Seventh district. Before he was quite a year old he was brought to Wichita in



## Try again for Health

I cheerfully give an endorsement for Wine of Cardui for the sake of suffering women who may read these lines. Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she went at once and bought a bottle. I really felt no better the first week after using it and had little hope that it would help me, but after a two weeks trial I began to slowly improve and I took nineteen bottles in all and believe that it saved my life. Can you wonder then that I am grateful to Wine of Cardui when I owe that medicine so much?

*Mrs. Georgia Dunbar*

Contrast the healthy and happy condition of this well-known woman when she "cheerfully" wrote this letter and her pitiable state when she cared little whether she had the dread consumption or the fatal Bright's disease, having no desire to live, and you will get an adequate idea of the benefit Wine of Cardui is to any woman who takes it as faithfully as Mrs. Dunbar took it. Wine of Cardui often makes quick cures. In fact it is known as an instant relief for menstrual suffering and bearing down the nervous by anesthetic action, but goes directly to the root of the trouble, building up the tissue and thoroughly eradicating disease.

The cures that Wine of Cardui effects are lasting because this great woman's remedy does its work thoroughly. We could publish letters telling of 1,500,000 strong minded women who wanted health and when Wine of Cardui was put within their reach they grasped it and their efforts were crowned with success. Don't you want freedom from pain?

You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today?

It is a terrible thing to suffer so when relief is so near.

**WINE of CARDUI**

socialism is  
ON SAME  
ORDER

(Continued From Eleventh Page.)

DIDN'T DRIVE A CAB.

"The only time I ever saw a smile come over the face of the able jurist who presided for two terms as our County Judge back in the '80s was during the trial of a man charged with larceny. The attorney for the state, a certain lawyer who was not well liked, was attempting to overthrow our ally," said F. Whitman, an Iowa attorney. "We had secured as a witness a man who testified for the defense that the defendant had ridden in his cab for an hour, including the time when the crime was committed. 'You drive a cab, do you?' he asked. 'Without hesitating the driver answered: 'No, sir.' 'What?' queried the astonished lawyer. 'Did you not testify that you have been driving a cab for several years?' 'No, sir.' 'Do you mean to say, remembering that you are under oath, that driving cabs is not your business?' 'I certainly do.' 'Then please tell the court what you do for a living.' 'Why,' answered the unperturbed cabby, 'I drive the horses that are hitched to the cab.'"

His EAR HOODOOED.

"Do you know I believe one of my ears is hoodooed," said the pale-faced man as he settled down into a big arm chair. "And I know a good many things which tend to strengthen this belief. Impossible. Well, you are foolish. One of my old schoolmates had a hoodooed toe. Every time anything happened to him it happened to that toe. Now, he would 'stamp' the nail off; again he would pick it with a thorn, or a splinter; or he would set the toe smashed—all these things happened to the same toe. He grew up. What happened? Corn—worse corn I ever saw on the same old old unlucky toe. I saw another fellow. Fate seemed to have a pick at his nose. Every time anything happened his nose was the thing it happened to. One day a man tried to cut him with a razor. He just clipped the end of his nose off, a gracious bit of economy as you shall see. During an election row several years later, he got into a shooting scrape. A man shot him with a rifle and clipped off another place of his nose. Some time after this my friend got into another row and his adversary threw him down and in the skirmish that followed, chewed another little piece of his nose off. A policeman struck him across the nose with a club at a still later time—broke the bridge. Some way with my right ear. It's hoodooed. When a mere boy I was thrown from a horse. Bruised the lobe of my right ear. Got hit in a ball game one day. Right ear. Once after I grew up I got into a fight, and the man hit me three times, and every time his big fist landed squarely on the right ear. Take the other day, as another example. I was sitting in a dining car going out of New Orleans, when the train suddenly swung around a sharp curve. With tables, chairs, linen, dishes, and all I was swung violently against the other side of the car. See that ear—same old ear—same old hoodooed, that's all. But I am certain of one thing—I'll never get it in the neck, not as long as I have that ear."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Recently compiled statistics show that the proportion of twins born as compared with other infants is one in eighty births. Of triplets there is only one instance in 6,000 and quadruplets are as one to 312,000; while the chances of a quadruplet are even more remote, the ratio being one in 40,000 births. A case is known of a woman who presented her husband with seven successive triplets.

**Married Women**

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of Mother's Friend before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. Mother's Friend overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

**Mother's Friend**

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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\$3.00 to San Francisco, Los Angeles and all common California points.  
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\$2.50 to Spokane and intermediate points.  
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**Rock Island System**

To points in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and New Mexico, March 3 and 17, April 7 and 21, 1903.  
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"Now," says I to the young man, "these fellows do not include the forty or fifty ladies who will worry down with most of the claims invalid. Judge, Rostand held her law against her system, her claims and her law. All this means about forty-five true 'Fragile'! Think of your affinity in connection with these fellows and then read over her being fragile. Young man, you're a fool. Talk!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**MANUFACTURING CONCERNS.**  
London Courts decide Newspapers Can Publish Sunday Editions.  
London, March 1.—By a decision of the City of London Court, English newspaper proprietors, in the face of the law, are permitted to publish Sunday editions of their papers. The decision is a landmark in the history of the press. The law, which has been in force since 1855, prohibited the publication of newspapers on Sunday. The decision is a landmark in the history of the press. The law, which has been in force since 1855, prohibited the publication of newspapers on Sunday. The decision is a landmark in the history of the press.